

THE

157

TRIBE

OF

LEVY.

A

POEM.

Doubtless a Church-man, while he keeps within the Sphere of his Duty to God and his People is an Angel of Heaven, but when he shall degenerate from his own Calling, and fall into the Intrigues of State and Time-serving, he becomes a Devil, and from a Star in the Firmament of Heaven, he becomes a Scory Coal in the blackest Hell, and receiveth the greatest Damnation. Dr. Gumble, Pag. 73. of Monk's Life.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, MDCXCI.

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The English Department

Described as a copy of the first edition of the "History of the English Language" by Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, published in 1855. The book is bound in leather and contains a detailed account of the development of the English language from its earliest forms to the present day. It is a valuable work for students and scholars of English literature and linguistics.

L O W D O N

Printed in the Year MDCXCI

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 OF
LEVY.
 A
POEM.

Since Plagues were order'd for a Scourge to Men,
 And Egypt was chastis'd with her Ten,
 No greater Plague did any State molest,
 Than the severe, the worst of Plagues, a Priest.
 Some Savage Beasts, by Laws of Nature bound,
 Only in Woods and Desert Lands are found,
 No Land, no Climate, can this Monster bind,
 But like some Hydra multiplies his kind,

15467.9. * THE

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The English Department

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LOW DOLL
Printed in the Year MDCXCI

THE
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 And Egypt was chastised with her Ten,
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 Only in Woods and desert Lands are found,
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 But, like some Hydra multiplies his kind,

Through

Through th' extended Orb directs his Course,
And is at best a Universal Curse.

Ah happy *Albion*, to the Gods most dear !
How bright thy Rocks and fertile Lands appear ?
The Oceans glory, and its Nymphs delight,
The Nations Terror by thy Men of Might :
Thrice happy *Albion* ! had there ne'er possess'd
Thy spacious Kingdoms, the consuming Priest !
Who Locust-like the Nations overspread,
In every place a Priest erects his Head,
These, as the Fishes in the Water breed,
And on the Fat of all the Pastures feed.
Nor are they satisfy'd to have a Power
To drain the Nations and its Fat devour,
But like the Devil always bent on ill,
They plot new Mischief's and Devices still,
Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deceive,
What Priestly Knaves report, dull Fools believe ;
Nor is a Prince (how great so'er he be)
From their deceit and fluddied Malice free,

Like

Like Feinds ascending from the House of Smoak
 They all around the gilded Palace flock,
 And in the Ears of Monarchy they sing,
 That had they not been Priests he had ne're been King.
 Set off with Titles and a Specious name,
 They quickly set the wondring World on flame;
 Methinks I hear its burthen'd Axles break,
 And of the Priests dead weight distinctly speak;
 The senseless Elements together moan,
 And all around the vast Creation groan.
 Yee juster Deities are Friends to Men,
 Assist my Muse, and guide my fainting Pen;
 A generous Passion raise within my Breast,
 That may affect the vilest Monster Priest,
 Let my Muse lash, the strokes be bold and good,
 As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.

Close by those Banks, the Banks where Silver Theams
 Still glides along with unpolluted Streams,
 A Fabrick stands, no Storm of Fate molests,
 From its Foundation was possess'd by Priests;

Here *Levi* lives, o'er grown with sin and Years,
 Good God, what Lewdness lurks in hoary Hairs,
 As chief of Priests imperial sway does bear,
 For he alone is God's Vicagerent here ;
 His lesser Villians of the Church are Slaves,
 For he that's chief of Priest is chief of Knaves.
 'Twas this same *Levi* did our *James* enthrone,
 And when h' had done as basely pull'd him down :
 The *Levites* first his Sovereign will declar'd,
 The *Levites* first his Sovereign will debarr'd ;
 And thus old *Levi*, through mistaken fame,
 Had got a Patriots and a Martyrs name ;
 Him th' unstable Mob with praises grace'r,
 And thus his humour, for his Conscience past,
 Morose and Peevish, insolently proud,
Levi would stoop to none but to the Crowd,
 Who, e're the Rable could his Blessings crave,
 His Apostolick Benedictions gave.
 Unhappy *James* ! Preposterous was the Fate !
 That brought on thee the Clergys frown and hate,

Hadst

Hadst thou our Civil Rights and Charters took
 Not half a word the Clergy then had spoak ;
 But to molest the Church was to depose
 God's holy Blockheads, and set up his Foes.
 Now Foreign Troops invited o're the Main,
 Come to disturb the Scenes of thy short Reign,
 Grown mad with fear when thou hadst lost the Day,
 And in inglorious haste didst run away.
 Our pious *Levi*, loyally came down
 T'invite our future Monarch to the Town.
 How beggerly's the Crown ? how mean the State,
 That does depend on Bishops love or hate !
 Nor can Conventions now make him a King,
 Till *Levi* does the Regal Vestments bring :
 If vain's your reasoning, in vain your toil,
 If *Levi* but keep back th' anointing Oyl.
 'Twas not for this the Hero was brought o're,
 Only to settle Church as was before,
 To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.

Should

Should he be crown'd, *Levi's* Design are cross'd;
 The juggle too of the Succession lost,
 If *James* be reenthron'd we must ascribe
 His Restoration unto *Levi's* Tribe;
 And thus the Hierarchy of course bears Rule;
 And the weak Monarch is the Bishop's Tool;
 None but the Church should keep their Civil Rights,
 And all Dissenters be but *Gibeonites*,
 So much these Arguments with *Levi* sway'd
 That he aside his Faith and Conscience laid.
 At once the *Sacred*rim and God forsook,
 And to his own pernicious Councils took,
 Rather than have his Priests left in the lurch,
 Would damn himself only to save the Church.
 Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires,
 To plot new Mischiefs and blow up new Fires.
 Had this retirement been well design'd,
 Only to ease the Plague of human kind,
Levi, thy absence then we ne'er could mourn,
 Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd return;

But

But since thy *Dea*'s become the *Lyon's Court*,
 Whether in *Black* the *Beasts* of *Prey* resort,
 May'st thou from thence thy final Journey take,
 And on some *Gibbet* thy just *Exit* make.

Nor shalt thou *Corah*, now my hand is in,
 Escape the justest censure of my Pen ;
Corah, in the lewd *List*, must next take place,
 To *Man* and to *Religion* a disgrace.
 In him, when *Young*, the *Priestly Sign* appears,
 Did promise *Mischief* in his tender Years,
 No cost was wanting to provide him *Tools*,
 To pass the learned drudgery of the *Schools*,
 Where *Youth* is with the *Laws* *Corruption* fed,
 Where *Priests* are form'd and holy *Cheats* are bred.
 Their cursed *Tenents* much our *Corah* lov'd,
 And in the *Tricks* of *Priesthood* soon improv'd :
 He from the *Pulpit* did his *Doctrine* breath,
 And shed his *Venome* on the *Crowd* beneath :
 He taught, That *Kings* might *Govern* by their *Will*,
 And like the *Gods* themselves could nere do ill ;

C

That

That Princes had an uncontrouled Power,
 And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour;
 That God all Reason gave to Kings and Priests,
 And that all men besides were only Beasts:
 But when his Lyon from the Throne was driven,
 Disown'd by all good men and juster heaven,
 A King set up the Nations all approv'd
 A King, that God and all the People lov'd,
 Our treacherous *Corah* had his Faith forgot,
 And turn'd his sam'd Obedience to a Plot;
 His scrupulous Conscience would not let him swear,
 Whilst Father liv'd, Obedience to the Heir;
 But in the head of a Rebellious Race,
 As void of moral Vertues as of Grace,
Corah the new made Monarch did disown,
 And since the other went, each Action done,
 Until King *William's* Fate resounds from far,
 His great Success and Enterprize in War,
 And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes tell,
 How by his hand the Sons of *Corah* fell,

Now

Now *Corah* is become a milder Priest,
 And swears as well as any of the rest;
 Priests are like Spaniels ne're inclin'd to good,
 No longer then they see or feel the Rod.
 Ah *William* had I but thy Scepter Royal!
 By Heaven, i'd beat the Dogs, till they were Loyal.

Ungrateful *Corah*! I'H bid the adieu!
 Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too!
 Nor shall my Satyr 'ere disturb thy Life,
 Since thou hast got a Satyr in a Wife.

Dathan must next be from Oblivion free'd,
 Who in the Feild obtain'd the Bishops meed,
 Was bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Priest,
 Though not so wise or learned as the rest,
 He seldom does to preaching make pretence,
 But does excuse it by his want of sence.
 Yet *Dathan* never like his Tribe was mad,
 Nor were his Crimes so great or half so bad;
Dathan did never question his Belief,
 But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve,

Some-

Sometimes was in the right, but way'd soon,
 And changed his Opinion with the Moon.
Dathan did with King *William's* Intrest close,
 Yet like a Sot encouraged his Foes;
 Who but wise *Dathan* would his fence prefer,
 And take the part of a Petitioner?
 Favour the City Mob so lately fam'd,
 For Murderers and Evidences nam'd;
 Yet *Dathan*, thought thy Crimes too far exceed,
 I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.

But damn'd *Abiram*, must my Anger feel,
 Whose lewdness is as deep, as black as Hell,
 Such as a Muse, scarce as Old Nick can tell.

Abiram did late *Jemmy's* will controul,
 And made a Seventh in the famous Roul;
Abiram with 'em entred his Protest,
 And grew as sawcy as did all the rest:
 But now his Conscience does by *Levi's* square,
 And his lew'd Thoughts with *Levi's* Notes Compare.

Levi,

Levi, to God nor to the Kingdom true,
 The Elder Brother of the Faction Crew;
 He chose *Abiram* out of all the Tribe,
 To be his Secretary and his Scribe,
 Who best to Mr. *Redding* might present
 The strength and weakness of the Government,
 How stiff the *Levites* to his Intrest stood,
 As true as Steel and firm as Oaken Wood;
 But poor *Abiram* does the toil endure,
 Whilst *Levi* in his Cell does sit secure:
Levi of freedom knew the worth and price,
 And therefore sent the Fools to break the Ice;
 Though some in forming Plots may well agree,
 Yet few think good to hang for Company:
 But poor *Abiram*! it would vex a stone,
 To plot in number and to hang alone;
 Yet never at thy Destiny repine,
 Hanging's the fittest Death for a Divine:
 For who does ever at the Gallows swing,
 But 'ere he's turn'd off a Psalm does sing;

And though thou art a *disgraced* *plumed* *man*,
 Thou'lt leave the *World* in thy way of *Trade*;
 Nor must *Abiathar* be here forgot;
 For he that will can write can make a plot;
 Of any Faith he never maketh doubt,
 But like the *Wind* his *Conscience* veers about;
 In lofty strains he *Tyrant* *Noll* did praise,
 And to his Fame a lasting *Statue* raise;
 Who in *Usurpers* praise employ their Pens,
 Have no Affection to their *Lawful Prince*,
 What e're pretence to *Priesthood* may belong,
 Gold is their *God* and *Glory* guides their *Tongue*;
 These even *Babel* have quite out done,
 In *Priest* thy *Aben's* *Plagues* are cram'd in one.

But now my *Muse* another *Story* tells,
 Pray hear the sound of *Pious Aaron's Bells*,
 Whose strength of *Zeal* suppresses that of *Sence*,
 Where *Flesh* does fail *Devotion* does commence;
 Tyr'd with *Age* of *Youthful Vigour* free,
 He is devout of *meer necessity*;

His great Austerity his Tribe does suit,
 He sometimes rides, but oftner walks on foot;
 Such pageant Zeal attendeth Bishoppriests,
 He well may walk, where follows Coach and Six;
 Nor can he pray but where his Pictures stand,
 To fix his Zeal and wandering Thoughts command;
 These Images do pious hearts Confer,
 And raise Devotion up the Lord knows where;
 He soars so high and to the Clouds does grow,
 He quite forgets all Loyalty below,
 Can take no Oath nor swallow any Test,
 But must be stubborn as are all the rest.

Let lasting Infamy Curse Zadoc damn,
 Who maketh all Religion but a sham;
 Zadoc, who boasts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring;
 And above all his mighty strength in Whoring;
 Yet to debauch his Conscience is loath,
 And swears by God, he cannot take the Oath:
 Let Zadoc to his Sins stand firm and stiff,
 'Till Triple Tree shall take the Triple F—

Next; in the List, must *Elexar* come,
 A Foe to *England*, and a Friend to *Rome*;
 Priests in Divinity take little Pains,
 And with Religion seldom crack their Brains:
 This Want of Sense made *Elexar* run
 The first to worship the arising Sun.
 When Brother Priests arrived here from *Rome*,
 Good *Elexar* did invite them Home:
 He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made
 To be assistant at the Cavalcade;
 But yet thy Coachman, as the Act exprest,
 By most was thought the better sort of Priest.
 He would not drive nor *Rome's* black Feinds adore,
 When thou wer't but Postillion to the Whore,
 Whilst honest *Slash* did for his freedom strive,
 Thou, like the Devil, unto *Rome* didst drive;
 Thy Brethren banisht by the present Reign,
 Thou longst to view and wellcome here again,
 Not the lewd *Levites*, which arrive from *Rome*,
 Are greater Villains than our Priests at home;

The Churches Warriors of thy py bald band,
 That Plague the Natives of this wretched Land,
 That blow the Coals and warmer Blood ferment,
 To cause a Fever in the Government.

I'll mention but one more and then have done,
 'Tis fighting *Josiah* the Son of *Nun*,
 Though he to Men of Sence is a Buffoon,
 He serves to make a Spiritual Dragon;
 What though he cannot preach, or pray, or write,
 He 'gainst his Country and his King can fight;
 He's strongly arm'd, with a double Sword,
 To fight God's Battils and to preace his Word:
 What Wonders in the Felld were lately done,
 By fighting *Josiah* the Son of, *Nun*?
 He bravely *Monmouth* and his Force withstood,
 And made the *Western* Land a Felld of Blood;
 There *Josiah* did his reaking heat all wage,
 On every Sign-Post Gibbet up his Rage,
 Glutted with Blood like some most Christian Turk,
 And scarce out done by *Jefferies* or *K*—;

Yet now the Priest is grown a Rebel too,
 And what *Mormothians* did himself can do,
 Since thou like them art equally to blame,
 Their Fate was to be hang'd, be thine the same.

Should I of all the lesser Villians tell,
 It would a great, a bulky Volume fill,
 Fit for the Devil's Library in Hell.
 Should I their lewdness and their crimes relate,
 Their Lust, their Perjuries, their Envy, hate,
 Their filthy Drunkenness, their height of Pride,
 Their Avarice yet Luxury beside,
 Their want of Goodness, and their want of Grace,
 And their Repentance in the future Tense,
 Their new coin'd Tenets, which the Devils fill,
 Would tire *Peking's* *Paffive* *Lungs* to tell,
 Hopkin of old hid down this Rampant Whore,
 And thump'd her Carcass at the Temple Door,
 But who can tell what Tricks and Devils do devise
 Behind the Altar, and within the Devils' eyes.

The ancient *Levites* (as the times then stood)
 Were Men of Cruelty and Men of Blood,
 The former harmless Bulls they did surprize,
 And near the Altar shew the Sacrifice;
 Although the Butcher now does not take place,
 The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race,
 Our Priests are all descended from that Stem,
Nero and *Aretine* are Saints to them;
 They oft the Blood of War in Peace have spill'd;
 How many Prisons has their Mallice fill'd?
 How many Widows have they made a Prey?
 What Goods the holy *Guzmans* stole away!
 Well may they grieve now having lost the Power,
 By which they Widows Houses did devour:
 That Land's accurst, hath reason to lament
 Where Priests are made a piece of Government;
 They damn our Souls and lead us weary Lives,
 Mislead our Daughters and debauch our Wives;
 Whatever shew of Zeal the Priesthood paints,
 They are at best but *Cucoldizing* Saints.

The Pious Vermin, that molest a State,

The Scurge of all Disorder and Debate;

The bane of Princes, a Tumultuous Crew,

Not satisfy'd with what is old or new:

For James they underwent a wondrous Toil,

And greas'd his Head with their Anointed Oil;

But when he to the Jesuits tack'd about,

They as the Devil with Play'r cast him out;

Nor are they yet new made Ministers glad,

(The Priests have still a Privilege to be mad)

Though still they work as hard as ever,

His only Care is how to be a better,

Well may he think, how long he has to live,

They even God himself would Depose.

That Land's secure, hath reason to lament;
Where Priests are made, and Government;

They damn our souls and lead us wretched Lives;

Mistake our Daughters and despoil our Wives;

Whatever new of this kind of Priests

They will be sure to do us wrong

Rabshaken Vapulans:
OR, AN
ANSWER
TO THE
Tribe of Levi;
IN
VINDICATION
OF THE
CLERGY.
A
P O E M.

WITH
A PREFACE, *Relating to the*
War and Controversy of the present Time, and
some late Pamphlets of the War Party.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold by *James Dilly*
near *Stations-Hall*. MDCCLXXII.

Rapshakch Vapoulans:

OR AN

ANSWER

TO THE

Critics of Faint;

IN

VINDICATION

OF THE

CLEGGY

A

POE ME

WITH

A PREFACE, Reflecting on the
Wit and Civility of that famous Poem, and
some late Pamphlets of the same Nature.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold by Randal Taylor,
near Stationers-Hall. MDCXCI.

THE PREFACE.

WERE there not a certain Charm in Doggrell, which never fails pleasing those whose Capacities can rise no higher; one would wonder how the Tribe of Levi, and some other Pieces of that Nature, should have lately met with so much Applause from some sort of People. I wish the Reader no better Diversion (if it does not raise his Indignation too) than I my self have had, in seeing a fat Fellow hold his Sides; and half-burst himself over a Dish of Coffee; as if he had seen Merry-Andrew eating a Custard, at those Two Familiar Lists of this Author in *Page the 9th*.

Ah William — had I but thy Sceptre Royal,
By Heav'n, I'd beat the Dogs till they were Loyal.

And what if the Ass should happen to get the Lyon's Skin on? Now am I so far from thinking he would be such a dreadful roaring Creature as he makes us believe, that I fancy he'd, like his Brother Beggan, only swing upon a Gate all Day long, without doing any mortal Creature any Mischief. But whether or no this be true, 'tis certain, that you'd venture having your Head broke in more places than one near the Change, should you dare affirm any two Lines in Cowley or Dryden were equal to this incomparable Distich. But to let pass all the Elegance For to's and Doe's, and all the ancient Family of the So that's and Eds, and the rest of the kind Crutches to a crippled Muse, which form the peculiar affected Flowers of the Author, 'twere to be wish'd he had brought nothing worse with him from Ireland; for, had he been only Ridiculous, the Humour of the Country might have excus'd him; but, when he's Mischievous too, his Apish Tricks and Gambols ought no more to save him from the Lash than his Brother Animal in the like Circumstances. I won't so much abuse the Reader's Patience to examine particularly into the Sense and Poetry of this famed Piece, the first half Page is enough to give anyone, but a Car-man, his Bell-sfall. Never was poor Ballad or Song-Book in such a Condition as his would be, should we go to uncase it, and make Prose of it. Let's try for once, but by no means to make a Practice of, what can be done with the very first four Lines.

The PREFACE.

“ Since *Plagues* were order’d for a *Scourge* to Men,
“ And *Egypt* was chastiz-ed with her *Ten* ;
“ No greater *Plague* did any State molest,
“ Than the severe, the worst of *Plagues*, a Priest.

That is to say, in plain Prose, “ Since Plagues were ordered to plague Men, “ and Egypt was plagued with Ten Plagues, there was never any Plague “ greater than the worst of Plagues. — And ’twould be very hard if “ there should, in my Judgment:

But not content with Nonsense, he won’t so much as afford us true English in the last Line of the same Page, nor true Verses almost all through his Book ; his Zeal for the Matter, we may charitably suppose, making him now and then run a little too fast, and Scan Two Fingers instead of One.

*But these are not the main Things in Controversie between us. Dullness is the fault of a Natural, not an acquired Habit, and therefore involuntary, he having as much Liberty to Print dull Things as I, or any Man else. And he should e’en have writ on till he had tired himself or his Admirers, had not that intolerable Insolence (the very Characteristick of his Nature, and which not improbably he derives from that parcel of French-Blood which flows in his Veins) made him fall foul on what has been ever esteemed most Sacred in this World ; sparing not so much as one single Priest to propagate the Kind, but letting arise at all, without Fear, or Wit, or good Manners, and concluding, Hanging’s the fittest Death for ’em without exception, one and all, not so much as leaving room to creep out at for his own Father, were he yet alive to see what a Viper he has been the occasion of bringing into the World. But I must have a care of imitating him ; railing, as well as all the *Plagues* he reckons up, is a very infectious Disease : Nor is’t an to Matter to read all his Book over, without being a little tinged with such bad Company. For which reason I have endeavour’d to avoid it, and made choice of a way of Writing quite contrary, though at the hazard of not pleasing as much as my Antagonist. Those who are Judges will find I have at least aim’d at Horace’s easie sort of Satyr ; nor is’t any Disgrace to come vastly short of so great an Original. And this way I the more willingly chose, lest the other should have hurried me into an Extreme of the same Nature with the Occasion on’t, and given Temptation to fall foul on any Party besides that which is an avowed Enemy to the Government, or Religion, on which ’tis founded. On the contrary, I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I have revised the following Piece with some*
Care,

The PREFACE.

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Care, lest any thing of that Nature should pass in the Crowd; which if there be, I declare it is against my Intention and Knowledge. There are enough to recriminate besides, who perhaps mayn't love their Country better, and may yet get more by it than I by this. None can be so dull an Observer of Things, but may easily take notice, That the Road to Preferment lies the same way now it has ever done, by espousing one Faction heartily, and railing at all the rest: But I take this at present to be just as wise a method as quarrelling in a Powder-Room, and firing a Pistol there at One that has trod upon my Toes, or broke my Shins. In a word, I scorn to be Great at my Country's Cost, though I think there's no great Danger on't. What I'm concern'd for, is the Cause of common Christianity; nay of Natural Religion it self, both of which perhaps are in greater Danger than is commonly thought; such things as these tending directly to sap their very Foundation, aiming not against the Abuse, but very Use of Things, and the Destruction of the very Character of Priesthood, instead of reforming those who are of it. On which account I should think no Priest, of whatever Opinion, could esteem or commend this Author's Work, unless they love to have themselves abused, and of the same Temper with the Man in the Fable, who would willingly pluck out One of his own Eyes, that his Enemy might lose Both. I have only this more to say in respect of the GENTLEMAN, my Antagonist; That, though others may think my Satyr too tame and languid, I hope he won't blame me for that Error. That he will not think himself a much better Man than some of those whom he himself has endeavour'd to Expose to the World, and therefore not think strange he meets with the same Fate. That his own History being not sufficiently known, I expect he should not only pardon me, but thank me for publishing some of the most Remarkable Passages of his Life. That in the mean time he is extremely oblig'd to me (considering how he has treated others) for my Civility, in not naming him; and that he may quickly know, I can be much severer, if he thinks fit to make the Experiment.

There's another famous Spark about Town, whom for the likeness of the Argument I have link'd with him in many Places of this Satyr, and who will without question make the best Company in the World. 'Tis a certain kind of a Second Rate Ballad-singer, alias Moralist, alias Mouse-trap-maker, alias Weevil-monger, who having lately contracted a particular Acquaintance with the King's Most Excellent Rat-Catcher, and managing besides a small Intrigue with a Corn-Chandler's Wife's Cousin-German, has very luckily improv'd the hints he met with from both those places, and turned all the Priests he comes near into the most dreadful Four legg'd Beasts that
ever

The PREFACE:

ever were shown for Monsters. He's very angry with a certain Reverend Doctor, because he can't understand him. — Poor wretch, if it has no Notion of Sence, what can help it besides Bedlam? However, if he be such a dreadful Satyrlist as he makes us believe in the Postscript to his Moralift, he'll find somewhat here to exercise his Talent, and perhaps let the Doctor take breath, while he's employed about other Business. I'll neither trouble the Readers nor Authors any more, but, till we next meet again, bid 'em farewell altogether.

R A B-



RABSHAKEH VAPULANS:

OR, A N

ANSWER

TO THE

Tribe of Levi.

I 'Admire, my Friend! what madness has possess'd
The *Brain-sick World*; in what wild posture
dress'd!

Like Beasts by *Gad-Flies* stung, they frisk about
An Antick, giddy, and disorder'd *Rout*;
How few there are who steer by *Reason's* rules;
How over-stock'd the pester'd *Age* with *Fools*.

And

And *Fools* we have of every Shape and Size,
 Of all Professions, Ranks and Qualities;
 But most the *Wou'd-be-Wits*, and *wou'd-be-Wise*.
 The *witty Fool* must have the foremost place,
 Or else, slap-dash, he has ye o'er the Face;
 And lugs ye into his next dull *Lampoon*,
 The sport and ridicule of all the *Town*:
 Sets up an *Author*, and a Man of Parts,
 In spite of *Nature's* self, and all good *Arts*;
 Then shows lewd *Vice* triumphant on the *Stage*,
 To tickle a Debaucht, a thoughtless *Age*:
 Where all the *Sport* is spoil'd, unless there be
 Some poor *Sir John* or *Smirk*, for *Nokes* or *Lee*:
 The very *Salt* and *Flame* o'th' *Comedie*.
 Ne'er fear't, it takes, so you but *swinge* the *PRIEST*;
 What needs there more? the very *Word's* a *Jest*.
 Plot, Sence, true Wit, good Humour, all, 'tis stuff:
 E'en spare this pains, your *Parson* is enough.
 Write but his single *part* to th' *Life*, and well,
 Your *Third day's Gains* sufficiently 'twill swell,
 And render the *success* infallible.
Mufti, or *Priest*, or *Bishop* 'tis the same,
 'Twill save your *Play*; such *Magick's* in the Name,
 Tho' all the *Club of Wits* resolv'd to damn.
 This *Art* was at the first found out by *BATS*;
 The surest *Rules* in all his wise *Essays*:
 He led the *Dance*. Nor was't in him so strange,
 Inspir'd by Interest, Madness and Revenge:
 Possess'd

Possess'd with Pride, and hurry'd by Despair,
 At his approach *whipt* from the *House of Prayer*,
 Nor must such *unclean Beasts* be offer'd there :
 But there are higher *Provocations* yet ;
 Poor *wither'd Bays* —

For the *Rehearsal* can't a *Priest* forget,
 Since one of that *dull Plodding* witless Fry,
 That harmless *stingless* Hive, if Fame not Lye,
 Had at the least a *Finger in the Pie* :

This *treasur'd deep* remains upon the score,
 For this the *Bard* a heavy *Vengeance* swore,
 And with the *Gown* proclaim'd eternal War ;
 Which must henceforward passively submit
 To th' *Fury* of his *Dullness* and his *Wit*.

* *Stew'd Prunes* and *Snush* he'll now no longer use
 With this ; if she the generous *Race* refuse,
 He spurs his jaded *unperforming Muse*.

} *Vid. Rehear:
 sal.*

Priests on the *Stage* for the same Reason come,
 As in the *Pulpit* the *prolonging Hum* :

As what comes next, to mend a *Breach* is brought,
 These serve to fill the empty *Gaps of Thought* ;
 Whilst the young *Todpole Wits* applaud and smile
 Around this *doating Homer* of our *Isle* :

And all those *nauseous Streams* which dai'y pour
 From his foul *Intrails*, greedily devour.
 With his stoln *Poison*, and their own they *swell*,
 And with hoarse Notes disturb the *Sacred Well* ;
 With noisom *Slime* pollute that silver Spring,
 And croak as loud as *Father Bays* could sing.

In some odd Hole let's throw neglected *Bays*,
As *Greens* and *Hollys* are at *Candlemas*.

But among all the rest that tease the *Town*,
Spruce Poet Pricket has my *Vote* alone ;
Or if he ere should fall, in my *Esteem*,
'Tis only *Saffold* must out-rival him.

The *Court* and *Stage* may ene do what they please,
Our *City-Bays* are sure to One of these, }
(Unless on them the *Man of War* * should seize.) }

*Author of the
Tribe of Levi,
who formerly
stood for the
City Poet's
Place.*

Their *Spirit* the same, to the same heights they clime;
Their *Art* the same, both tag their *Bills with Rhyme*.
And very near akin their *Occupation*,
Both live o'th' *Sins* and *Follies* of the *Nation*.

*Momus Ri-
dens.*

* This by his *Pills*, that by his *weekly Print*, *
With *Cartloads* of dull *Doggrell* railing in't.
Tedious, Friend Elkanah ! as yours or mine,
Heavy as *Nabum* : since he drinks no *Wine*, }
Incarnate dullness reigns in every *Line*. }

But let's not wrong the *Wretch*, when pains he'll
take :

He'll very tolerable *Ballads* make.

To *Thought*, it's true, he never made pretence,
His care is *Notes* and *Words*, find you the *Sence*.

How shall the pester'd *Warehouse* then get clear ? }
What must be done to save the *Stationer* ? }

'Tis true, the *Friars* at the worst are near ;
But that's the last, the *desperate Cure*, we know
Not to be us'd, till the *Disease* is so.

He

He has it, right or wrong the *Priest* comes in,
 T'attone his *Dullness*, and the *Peoples Sin*.
 The *Tune* be what it will, He all along,
 He only is the *Burden* of the *Song*.
 Be the *Report* of Lap-dog, Mifs, or Spark,
 Or French, or Turk, still *Priest* is the *Remark*.
 Has *Lady* in fair *Qu*—— late miscarried ?
 Then thank the *Priest* who her and C—— marry'd.
 Has *Priest* been robb'd ? he'll openly profess,
 The Villains could in *Conscience* do no less.
 Are the *Turks* beat ? These *Priests* undo the *PORT*,
 And, if they're wise, they'll hang the *Mufti* for't.
 Or, has the *Emperor* lately lost *Belgrade* ?
 No doubt 'twas long of some o'th' self-same *Trade* ! }
 The *German Priests* that *Powder Treason* made,
 Hired with *French Luidores*, pray mark the Jest !
 They e'en blew up themselves, and all the rest.
 This oft, when the grave *Dons* of *Business* come,
 And find poor *Momus* in the *Coffee-Room*,
 This from expecting *Flames* has him repriev'd,
 Who, when condemn'd, by's *Anti-Clergy* liv'd.
 Him Sage Sir *Pol*, on plodding *Elbow* staid,
 Has oft with his *Four Eyes* and *Mouth* survey'd
 His *Tea*, and that with equal *Gust* he drinks,
 And by his *Looks* would have you think he thinks.
 " Well----on my *Faith*, he feagues these *Black-coat*
 Sparks ;

" A pretty witty Thing, and shrowd *Remarks* !

But what's all this you'll tell me to the *Text*,
 The *Tribe of Levi*? *Patience!* that comes next.
 The *Anti-Chamber* sure must first be past:
 We to the *Presence* shall arrive at last.

Author of the These all are *Lackeys* to that Author's ^b *Fame*,
Tribe of Levi Who from the *Land of Wit* and *Valour* came;
lately come And dares in both so large a portion claim.
from Ireland.

So Civil, so Gentle, so Clean, and Neat
 His Merit, yet his Modesty so great,
 As never will be *match'd*, nor has been yet.
 Through all his Works this *Truth* appears so plain,
 Through all his *Life* there runs so pure a Vein,

^c He usually He need not *Write* himself a ^c *Gentleman*.
Subscribes his His *Contry's Glory* and its *Nymphs* delight,
Works thus, By *J.T. Gen-* Dreaded in *Mars's* as in *Venus* fight,
tleman. And till the danger comes, *A Man of Might.* ^d
^d That thought is his own. Say not the ill-bred *Bird* defiles his *Nest*,
Vid. pag. 2.

Who was a
Priest.

When now and then he gently *rubbs* the *Priest*;
 Or that he is to his own *Blood* unjust,
 And rudely tramples on his *Father's* *Dust*;
 But rather blame his *Memory's* neglect:
Great Wits we know can never far reflect.
 At worst it argues his *Design* was good,
 When thus he spares not his own *Flesh and Blood*;

Vid. pag. 5. "But to unsettle Church as 'twas before,
 "Will beat his *Dad*, and call his *Mother Whore*.
 Say not his *Bride*, of lovely *Mind* and *Face*,
 Receiv'd her *Life* from one of *Levi's* Race.

By

By Marriage Bonds a piece of *him* she's grown,
 Torn from *her* Stock she's grafted in *his* own.
 What if 'tis urg'd he *was* himself a Priest,
 Or else a *puny* Deacon at the least :
 A *kind well-willer* to the Desk or Tub,
 At *Sam's* or *Joe's* a Member of the Club.
 Conn'd *Baxter*, till his *Study's* all in Flames,^a
 Dogs-ear'd and thumb'd *Wallebins*, *Charnock*, *Ames*.
 But did he not forsake that *Threadbare* Trade,
 And in good time his *Abjuration* made ?
 No *Turk* so trusty as a *Renegade*.
 Since when, without respect he mawls the *Priest*,
 To prove the *Apostacy* was not in Jest ;
 If all, his *Tutor* too among the rest :
 Forgets the Debt, as *Nero* his, nor spares
 His *Sence*, his *Vertue*, or his *Silver-Hairs*.
 Were One excepted, we might doubt a Bribe,
 Or that he's still inclin'd to *Levi's Tribe*.
 Hang *all's the word* ; nor can he, it's confest,
 Forget it soon ; he learn'd it in the *West* :
 For grant him *Priest*, he scorn'd the *Passive* Cant,
 And ever was a *Parson-Militant*.
 Whatever *Joshua* made for a *Buffoon*,
 Take T-----n for a *Spiritual Dragon*.
 Say all ye *conscious Hedges*, did he fly,
 Or sneak *behind* to shun the *Enemy* ?
 Or say each *Western Ditch*, to which he fled
 (Since 'tis *Almanzors* only can make Head

* Ask him
 meaning of

P. 15. l.

Against

Against *whole Armies*) did he quake for fear,
 Or by the *Smell* invite his *Hunters* near?
 Or was not he, say *Envy* what it can;
 Say, was not he the *Man*, the *more than Man*;
 Whom e'en the *Western Hangman* could not quail,
 Proof against *Jeffreys*, *Halter*, *Whip* and *Fayl*.
 Nay beat him clear in *Brow*, his *Match* in *Sence*,
 And e'en at his own *Weapon*---*Impudence*.
 (*Such force in Modesty and Innocence!*)
 Heav'n's! how the *Tyger* yell'd that fatal *Day*,
 Reveng'd at large upon the *weaker Prey*;
 Tho' on this *sturdier Beast* his hopes were crost,
 And worse than all, his *Reputation* lost.
 The *restive Thing* th' appointed *Knot* refus'd,
 He hung an *Arse*, nor would be tamely noos'd.
 The *Lordly Butcher* struts, and fumes, and raves;
 And swears in vain, and works, and sweats, and slaves,
 And did at last, with much ado invent

A pretty conscionable *Punishment* :

For since no *Blood* he to his *Brow* could draw,
 He'd on his *Back* inscribe fierce *Draco's Law*.

Poor *Jack*, like *wandering Jew*, was doom'd to stray

In a long *Pilgrimage* each *Market Day*;

And worse than all, do *Penance*® all the way.

No wonder at this *Sentence* he repines,

And a *Petition* for a *Halter* signs :

“ b *Hanging's* the *fittest Death* for Such *Divines*.

(*Old Grandfire Sternhold's Psalter* he may spare,

And his own *doleful Psalms* make use of there.)

Besides,

He was con-
 n'd to be
 ip't through
 the Mar-
 Towns in
 rsetshire
 e a Year
 ing Life;
 which he
 ition'd to
 re the Fa-
 r of being
 ng'd, and
 or off from
 id. Tribe
 Levi, pag.
 lin. 18.

Besides, since some of's *Kin* the way did try,
He thought by a *Disease* 'twas best to die
Hereditary to his *Family*.

The *Humour's* good enough, tho' *push'd* too far.
Enjoy't your Race! but I should think the *Air*
An odd *Tartarian* sort of *Sepulchre*.

What if one *Unkle* took that *Road*, and r'other
Rides whip and spur to overtake his *Brother*?
All *Priests* are not so fond of these *Extremes*,
Nor *fansie* to be *hang'd* for either *James*.^a

^a York or
Monmouth

But after all this dull malicious stuff,
You needs must own the *Poem's* sharp enough.
There's your true stroke! How much to th' *Life* he
writes?

How through and through his angry *Satyr* bites?
Here's trusty *Fangs* ---- they never quit their hold:
Is not the *Cur* well worth his weight in *Gold*?
He runs at all, and none that cross him spar'd,
He scorns to fly at less than the whole *Herd*.

Yes--- 'tis confess'd he's *Sharp*, at such a rate
As are that *Club of Wits* at *Bellingsgate*;
Where one, when r'other sold her *Fish* before,
I lately heard how wittily she swore,
Bid her be *hang'd*, and call'd her *Jade* and *Whore*.

Gently, good Sir, we own these *Words* a *Crime*,
And *scurrillous* and *low* when out of *Rhyme*:
If in plain *Prose* pronounc'd in *Street* or *School*,
They're richly worth the *Lash* or *Ducking-stool*.

The

The Commons soon, and P^l's Reverend Court,
Would get the Author in and swinge him for't.

But sure a Poem is excepted still:

No Laws touch that; where, like a Chancery Bill,
Invention, Truth, and Reason both supplies;

Nor must we answer for Abuse and Lyes.

But put the Case at worst, who'd not submit
To one sound Lashing to be thought a Wit?

And were not now the Reign of Jeffry's o'er,
His Sentence can't be worse than 'twas before;

While still he's in reserve his ancient Trick,
Can for his Back compound and yield his Neck.

Poor feeble Satyrift? and is this all

The weak effect of thy enervate Gall?

So soft each Stab, so harmles every Jest,

The World will think thee half a Priest at least.

Unrein thy Thunders rather, and let fly

Thy sharpest pointed Lightnings round the Sky,

Then like Jove's Bird aim at the destin'd Head,

Shoot from the scattering Clouds and strike him dead.

No --- still I must th' unequal War refuse;

Ah! too below the vengeance of my Muse,

Who like Alcides, with her Infant hands

Could crush that Viper in her swadling Bands,

But would not wish so weak a Foe Disgrace,

Where even the Conquest had at best been base

Tho' I the meanest of the tuneful Race.

Ah!

(II)

Ah! wou'd for once *blind Fortune*, as the *VVhore*
 Has done for many a *Fool and Knave* before,
VVou'd she but make the *Blockhead* great and high,
 And find some time to drefs him ere he dye,
 In all the *VVorld's fantastick Bravery*:
VVere he but *high* enough to *value* Fame,
 Or cou'd he *fall*, scarce *WILLIAM's sacred Name*,
VVhich next the *unutterable* I revere,
 Scarce *WILLIAM's sacred Name* shou'd guard him there,
 'Till when if *publick Justice* find him not,
 Let him remain neglected or forgot,
 His *Name and Works* alike, together rot!

And wou't you then, when his true Face is shown,
Wipe off those heaps of Scandal he has thrown
On all he finds less ugly than his own?
Or he, or those who their weak Forces joyn,
And with the same success pursue the same design,
And in some lofty parabolick strain,
Old England's Worthies celebrate again.

VVhat need, dear Friend, of what's so much in vain,
Scandalls, when at exalted Virtue cast,
 They reach it not, beyond their reach 'tis plac'd,
 But on the *Authors Heads* return at last.
 If *Water* on the *Milk-white Swan* we fling,
 It shakes it off, nor wets its Silver wing.

But in good earnest wou'd you have me look
 Each Verse or Chapter in the *Pentateuch*,
 And hunt for *Paralells* in every Book?

Murder Chronology, as he before,
Korah and all his company restore
 When *burnt to dust*, nay kindly haste 'em o'er
 With valiant *Joshua* and his faithful Band,
 Thro' *Jordan's* wondring Waves to *Canaan's* blisfull Land;
 Or what if we a little lower fall
 To thy unhappy Fate, *rejected Saul* !
 Who *God* forsaking, didst to *Endor* run,
 And wert *undone* least thou shouldst be *undone* ;
 Or sing his brave, his lov'd, his envy'd Son ;⁽²⁾
 How *Shimei* curst, how *Sheba* did *rebell*,
 Or proud *Philistian* Hosts before him fell,
 And right or wrong make out the *Paralell* ;
 Were not the *World* with this already *tir'd*,
 A deeper *thought*, a *Genius* are requir'd ;
 But *stroaks* and *colours* every where to give,
 And make a *work* of such a Nature live.
 Howe'er, to oblige you, Sir, for once I'll tell,
 The *naked Truth*, without a *Parable* ;
Naked, or drest in honest *Country Grey*,
 Nor rudely *base*, nor too profusely *gay* ;
 I *think* I'm *right*, and what I *think* I'll *say*.

Those who all *Heylen* and *Mercator* scan,
 Show me a place from *London* to *Japan*,
 From *California*, down to *Magelan*,
 Where the wild Natives dont with *Reverence* treat,
 Whoever on their Gods and Altars wait ?

f universal Custom gives us Rules
 More sure than all the *Jargon* of the *Schools*,
 And with *unconquer'd Demonstration* shows,
 What *Truth* and *Reason* untaught *Nature* knows,
 As all the *World* confess ; we need not fear,
 The *Argument* will hold as strongly here :
 If he's no *Man* a *God* disowns, at least
 He who *maliciously* affronts his *Priest*,
 By the same Rule must pass for *half a Beast*.
 He who through vast *Tartarian Desarts* runs,
 His *journey* almost *equal* with the *Suns*,
 Nor any other *Right* but *Conquest* owns ;
 Who to his *Sword* his *Life* like *Esau* ows,
 All his *rich Neighbours*, justly thought his *Foes*,
 Asks his *Priest's Benediction* ere he goes ;
 And vows he in the *Booty* shall partake,
 If a good *road* and safe *retreat* he make.
 The *European Tartars*, who reside,
 Far greater *Plagues* upon the *Western side*,
 And on the *Rhine* far greater mischief doe,
 Than t'other on the *Volga* or *Danow*,
 These and their *Sultan Lewis* (far above
Galga and his) pretend their *Priests* to love,
 Without their *Prayers* ne'er expect to thrive,
 And are in *Truth*, the *godliest Thieves* alive :
 Thus *Cannibals* themselves, tho' nurst in *War*,
 And *blood* for *milk* their *Infant Lips* besmear,
 Tho' they *each other eat*, their *Priests* will spare.

But what's all this, crys one, to th' Case in hand,
 Knaves will not, and Fools cannot understand
 Their Christian Liberty, to abuse the Priest,
 And treat the Tribe of Levi how they list?
 Or if we'd know the bounds of just and true
 What did the brave, the ancient Romans do
 Ere Priestly Craft was form'd into a Trade,
 And Clergy's Toke on easie Nations laid:

Well, to be Friends, we'll give ye that and more,
 Both Rome, and those who flourish'd long before,
 Thought it their highest Crime against their State,
 Their Churches ancient Rites to Violate;
 Your Master Hobbs has taught you what to say:
 They're Heathens all, wou'd you be worse than they?
 Yet nigher to the Fountain let's repair,
 And this bright Truth will still be clearer there;
 VVhere Monarchies from Families did spring,
 A Patriarch was both Father, Priest or King,
 Tho' of the three, a Priest the highest place,
 A Prince then thought the Tutle no disgrace;
 The wondrous King of ancient Salem's Town,
 VVhether from Heav'n it self he first came down,
 The same who did long after leave the Skies,
 A God in frail Humanity's disguise:
 Or whether he deduc'd from Mortal Stem;
 The Sacred Priesthood he did not contemn,
 But joyn'd the Mitre to his Diadem.
 Nor did the Conquering Hebrew him disdain,
 But paid him Tribes in Sabe's royal Plain.

*I thought at last you wou'd be forc'd to fly
To your old Shift, Infallibility;
And tho' a while you reason may pretend,
Trumpup a Text or two, and there's an end.*

But why so eager? not so fast my Friend;
Have we not prov'd the *Question* in suspense,
That *Priests* all times, all places reverence;
That whether *Heathen*, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
They all have more civility than you?

*I thought what Arguments, a Spark replies,
These Priests cou'd bring to back their Trick and Lies;
Sense, Reason, Custom, they in vain pretend,
Damn 'em! 'tis a Cheat from end to end:
That all the World respects 'em, we deny,
The wise see through it, or 'of those wise am I:
What Man of sense, which of the Beaux-Esprits,
That in our Club has taken his Degree,
Who laudibly can drink, or whore, or swear,
(The World's a Cypher, we the Figures are)
In those fine Arts a great Proficient grown,
Which of us all who can't a Priest run down,
The silliest, pertest, dullest thing in Town?*

Thus would he talk till night, might he run on,
For he talks well in his dear self's Esteem,
E'en leave him, for you'll nothing get by him.
Agreed, to save my Ears, but first let's goe,
A little walk, some half the Globe, or so,
Where some of his fair Kindred him we'll show;

Strangely

(a) The Inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope, the most Barbarous People ever yet discovered who own no God, nor good Manners; use raw Guts for their Food and Ornament, &c. See the late Account of those People.

Strangely alike in humour, sense and shape,
 The wise, the blest Inhabitants o' th' Cape. (1)
 Renowned Hottamtots, they dance they sing,
 Nor fear, nor care, for any future thing;
 On whose free Necks no Politicians rode,
 Who trouble not themselves with Priest or God:
 Content with Food, which hasty Nature gave,
 They neither Wash, nor Boil, nor Scrape nor Save,
 Their gaudy Guts they from their Necks displace,
 And eat, but pay no Tithes, nor say no Grace.
 Why is he mute, and why that scornful smile?
 Do's not this Instance our Induction spoil?
 As much as his tis granted, for indeed
 Those who will own no God, no Priests will need:

Sir, we're no Athiests, we wou'd have ye know,
 We own a God, and if you doubt it, you
 Shall hear us Swear, perhaps Blaspheme him too:
 Nay, if you please us, we'll some Priests allow,
 If they'll be civil, and their betters know,
 Praying and Preaching Cant, they must forsake,
 And onely sing those Hymns which we shall make:
 (Ye blessed ones, if for Priapus meant,)

But Sir, 'tis this that makes us Male-Content,
 Their Barns are all too full, too large their store,
 And you'd reform 'em, just as those before,
 With their Fat Lands keep some lean Hounds or Whore:
 But they're abusive, sawcy, — you know when,
 We were no better then Jack Gentlemen (2)

(2) See Marvell's Rehearsal transpos'd

What

VVhat wou'd you have this *humble Creature* do?
 Or hold his *Worships Horse*, or *clean his Shoe*.
 Mayn't I to what's my *own* make just pretence,
 Must *Priest* be blam'd, because his *Lord wants sence* ?
 Or must the *Order* spoil *Gentility*,
 Fatal as the *Cross Bar* in *Heraldry*,
 If the *dull Patron*, as he first was *whelpt*,
Unlick't remains, can the poor *Chaplain* help't ?
 For those who've *sence* or *wit*, are *wise* or *brave*,
 They'll make the *Priest* their *Friend* and not their *Slave*;
 Nor take delight in *curst Canaans sport*,
 To make him *drunk*, and then *despise* him for't.

But farther all their *Sermon's* are so dry,
 One *Play* will more than twenty *Edify*:
 —Both much alike as you dispose the matter,
 In one you *sleep*, in'tother *laugh and chatter* ;
 Your *judgment*, too, your *observations* fit,
 How dull are R-----r, and St-----t ?
Yes florid words indeed, but give me *sence* !
And need enough on your own Evidence,
 Step in for once, and tarry till they've done,
 VVhat think you of St-----o, Sc---t, or Till-----n &
They read their Lectures moderately well,
But that's not Preaching, where's the *Life and Zeal*,
In this you own, that others beat you clear,
That, that's the thing,-- B-----t, or H-----ck bear !
 Some rave and roar, and split the very *Stones*,
 VVith *apish Gestures* and *incondite Groans*;
 Are there no *Priests* in *Town* but D---d J---s.

*Well, what provokes me most, to tell you true,
 Is their lewd Lives—can they be worse than you ?
 They shou'd be better—if they are not so,
 Pity but you shou'd e'en together goe ;
 A Priest no Angel ; none from faults are free,
 As long as clogg'd with frail Mortality :
 Besides, if when but twelve our Saviour chose
 There was one perjur'd Traitor mixt with those ,
 If one in Twelve did villany contrive
 Is't strange we've one (or two) in twenty five ?
 Are there no more ? --be you the Oracle
 Your self, a Halter take if you can tell,
 If not, a Whip will serve the turn as well.*

*All this will never make the Party good,
 Since for the generality they're leud :*

*(c) Of
 scandalous
 Ministers.*

Have you told Noses Sir, or wou'd you be

The Author of a second Century, (c)

O Golden time! O blest Re forming Age!

The Pulpits Vice is preach'd at by the Stage.

However none for foolish pity spare,

But from White-Chappel look to Westminster,

How many like your self, d'ye light on there ?

Nay further, search the Universal round,

And still rail on when you have better found :

Troth there you're right, I think they're all alike,

Now the Mask's off and at the root you strike.

Well, Int'rest is their God what e'er they say,

Pray which sells best, a Sermon or a Play ?

" If Interest tis to live condemn'd and poor,

" The hungry Wolf still barking at the door ;

If

" If *Interest* 'tis like *Tantalus* to stay
 " Still *gaping*, envying ev'n a *Carter's* pay }
 " Who earns at least his *hard Half-Crown* a day:
 " If *Int'rest* 'tis to *starve* till *Forty's* nigh
 " Then get perhaps some *Country hole* and die,
 " Then I'll not contradict you in the least,
 " 'Tis *Int'rest* makes, 'tis *Int'rest* sways the *Priest* :
 " These are his *Gains* and this his *portion* is }
 " A *weary Life* in hopes of *future bliss*. }
 " Ah! that's the thing alone that *sweetens* this.

You cry, I've *preach'd enough* and bid me mind
 To answer the *Objections* yet behind :
 Let's hear 'em then! *What need of all this stir?*
Mayn't we

Be sav'd without a Priest? Yes, doubtless Sir!
 You cannot *miss* the *Road*; but there are few
 (Consider that) of *equal sense* with you;
 Men of *Morality* and *Principles*; (a)
 Besides a *hundred pretty Fancies* else;
 And for the *Rabble of the world* ye know
 We safely may allow a *Priest* or two.
 For as a *learned Knight* (b) did the last Age
 With *Christianity* it self engage;
 And taught if any thing besides pretence,
 'Twas only fit for *men of vulgar sense*,
 While such as he say *Priests* what e're they can
 Were sav'd by ways *more like a Gentleman*;
 So our *sage Author* wisely does esteem
 The *Cassock Doctors* useless unto him.

(a) *Vid.*
the *Moral*
list.

(b) *Sir Jo.*

Himself be'l preach and pray the charge to save,
 Nay the poor Sexton rob, and dig his Grave,
 Parson and Clark, Good wives and Bearers cheat;
 And bury himself alive like *Charles the Great*.

But how should they on men of sense prevail
 Who change each Hour, and what may change may
 The patient Finger-watches are content (fail:
 To be turn'd round by every Government.

Those Church Camelions, fed on Glories Air
 Still take that Colour which at Court they wear.
 He who this hour for Loyalty declaims
 The very next forsakes his Idol-James.
 How do each honest mind abominate
 These shuffling Arts, these Tricks of Church and State,
 Just Rage once rowz'd in vengeance I'll persist,
 And make 'em feel an angry Satyrist (a).

(a) vil.
 Postscript
 to Movt.
 1. p.

Poor harmless thing ! Thou canst not angry be :
 A bristling Louse has more of Soul than thee.
 But to the point in Question quickly tell,
 In changing did the Clergy ill or well ?
 If Ill thou saidst they did, thy Wizard's lost,
 And thou maist find it at the Whipping Post :
 If well, thou richly dost deserve the same,
 Who what thy self approvest, thy self dost blame.

Sir, neither Horn of your Dilemma's strong,
 For they shou'd still stand firm; what! right or wrong?
 But how shou'd we our Faith and duty know,
 When not the same that 'twas 3 years ago ? (b)

(b) Vid.
 1. p.

You much alike did mind it, then and now.

Pray

Pray which of the *Commandments* is *struck out*?
Which *Article o'th' Creed* is call'd in doubt,
Unless by *Hereticks*, or such as you,
Who neither will aright *believe* or *do*.
Wou'd you speak plain, as to *confiding Friend*,
And had you rather had 'em *break* than *bend*?
Since some for *Faith* have *Courted Martyrdom*,
Shou'd others do it for the *Devil* and *Rome*?

'Tis very *kind* and *civil* we must own,
But is not this a *Contradiction* ?
What *Quarter* has he found who thus has done?
(*Tho all be merits*) did your *Satyre* bite

Less close, or with less *Gall* and *vengeance* write? }
State-Butcher stil'd, and *reverend Hypocrite* (a). (a) Moral-
hist, p. 14.

But 'tis in vain, all *reas'ning* is mis-spent
Where men *resolve* they *ne're will be content* ;
When like great *Generals* they *prolong the War*,
Only to shew their *skill* and keep their *pow'r*.
Had *Priests* *stood out*, the *Nation* they'd *betray'd*,
And *Sacrifices* had been justly made.

Did they come in, this turns to their *confusion*.
'Tis *Reservation* all and meer *Collusion*.

The World no more will let 'em now deceive 'em.
They've chang'd their *Faith* & *King*, & *who'l believe*

That men of sense, ne're fear't, will ever do (em ?
While what they teach is *evident* and *true*,
While no *implicite notions* they impose,
Nor like *Rome's Priests* wou'd lead us by the *Nose*,
Whil' st

Whil'st *Life and Pulpit* both discourage sin,
 Whil'st *Reason* they can talk, both *out* and *in*.
 Such are those *Worthies* now the *Crowiers* bear
 Who with such *Grace* adorn the *Robes* they wear.
 If others with impunity *abuse*,
 Much more may we their *Names* with reverence
 And *without leave* so fair a subject chuse. (use,
 For ne're cou'd *malice* find a worse pretence
 Ne're stood it more in need of *Impudence*
 Than in the *present Age*, each *Sacred See*
 With so much *Learning* fill'd and *Piety*.
 To *Flatter* whom

I'd scorn as much as they to *look on me*.
 'Twas ever been the *Greats* unhappy Fate
 To bear the under-worlds *esteem or hate* ;
 Them *Friends* and *Foes* so eagerly assail
 Which is the worst affront? To *praise and rail*.

How e're, whom *Virtue* has to *Glory* rais'd,
 Why are they good if they would not be prais'd?
 Why ^{caus'd} ~~grievous~~ Lo--n! didst thou still perform
 Thy *Duty* in the last approaching *Storm*,
 When those who for the better ne're could *change*,
 Let loose on thee their *festring Old revenge*?
 Who but a C---n such a *Shock* cou'd bear,
 He *stemm'd* the first wild *Tide*, himself a *War*.
 Say *Envy*, say did C---n then *disgrace*
 His former *Trophies*, or his noble *Race*?
 And when th' *Oppressed Nations* cries had given
 A loud *Alarm* to *Orange* and to *Heaven*,

When

When *Europes Saviour* did with us begin,
 And brought a *kind*, a *friendly Army* in,
 Who from fierce *Wolves* did snatch the *Royal*
 More *Fell and Bloody*, now they must away, (Prey,
 Who did the precious *Hostage* thence convey?
 From falling *Troy*, the blest *Palladium* bore,
 Which by her *Presence Sacred* was before?

Shall Learned *B---t* ever be forgot:
 No, first let *Malice* burst and *Envy* rot?
 Verst in the *Realms of dark Antiquity*,
Times Register knows hardly more than he
 Who reads like him, that cou'd like him digest?
 He bears a *living Bodley* in his *Breast*.
 Which of the two shall we the most admire,
 His *Gold* in *Ingots* or drawn out in *Wire*.
 What *Matchless Beauties* in each *period* shine,
 How sweet a *Harmony* in every *Line*?
 What *pleasing Motions* all thy *Writings* raise?
 How few, Great Man! like thee know how to praise?
 Our *Alexander* needs no *Homer* wish,
 While matchless *B---t* his *Historian* is.
B---t, who shar'd so long the *Heroes Fate*,
 Equally virtuous and unfortunate.
 (Tho he so many *Foils to Fortune* gave,
 She yields at last, and owns her self his *Slave*.)
 To distant *Realms* a *glorious Exile* sent;
 Thus *Aristides* bore his *Banishment*:
 In *Forreign Lands* *Carest*, just honour shown
 His *Merits* there, tho' *Q: 1*

How much in vain, what his mad Foes design'd?
 As well the *Sun* they'd to one *Climate* bind.
 His *Influence* still as great, his *Rays* as clear,
 Absent he *enlighten'd* both and *warm'd* us here.
 His *Pen* did the first timely help afford,
 And mark'd the way for his lov'd Hero's *Sword*.

(a) Not
 mention-
 ed in the
Trib of
Livy.

Say reverend *A---ph* ! shall the *Muse* presume
 With trembling steps to approach thy Sacred room!
 With guilty *Eyes* and an *ingenuous* shame
 Lest rudely we agen profane thy *Name*.
 So fair thy *Life* by *malice* thou'rt forgot (a)
 Nor *Envy's* self can make or find a *Blott*
Bright Confessor in the most glorious Cause,
 Heav'n's own *Religion*, and thy Country's *Laws*?
 In all Divine and humane Learning read,
 Acquainted well with all the mighty *Dead*.
 The *Sun* its self thou his *mistakes* couldst tell
 And by thy art set right his *Chronicle*,
 Where wandering *Time* has in blind mazes trod,
 Or did in its lost Guides *Eclipses* nod.
 The *Gordian Knots* of tough *Chronologie*,
 Which often cut, seldom unty'd will be,
Familiar all and *easie* are to thee.
Truth which so often has her self deny'd,
 Appears to thee *disrob'd* from State and Pride,
 As thou thy self to all the world beside.

"The *Sun* on *Insects* shines as much as *Kings*,

"The deeper no that sad *Reflexion* stings.

What's

"What's past is Fate, we Fate in vain deplore,
 "Yet Muse! sigh on! sigh deeper----Ah no more!
 Great W---r born a heavy Scourge to Rome,
 Nor didst thou oftner fight, than overcome.
 Not valiant Hannibal, so much her Fate,
 The Object of her Terror and her Hate!
 Which first shall we admire, thy Massie Sence,
 Thy Learnig deep, or flowing Eloquence?
 Thee unconcern'd Posterity shall call
 In all a Miracle, thy self in all.

Shall we go on, and all those Vertues show
 From their bright Sees shine on the World below?
 A while with the Ingenious P---ck stay,
 Seraphs themselves from him might learn to Pray,
 With those who fill so well the sacred Seat,
 With those who are, or those who might be Great.

There's one who yet commands our chiefest care }
 What Muse, tho' low as mine is, can forbear, }
 To raise her Voice that speaks of R---r. }
 Thus look'd the God of Wit, and thus he sung,
 When here, such Musick in his Face and Tongue: }
 All smiling, even Beauteous, ever Young.
 Alike their Brows adorn'd with deathless Bays.
 Their Heads with Golden or with Silver Rays.
 Judge all ye Woods, and judge ye Sacred Quire }
 Which has the greater share of heavenly Fire? }
 Which with more Art can touch the tuneful Liré? }
 In him Religion like her self is drest,
 Ev'n grinning Envy here has oft confest,

She

She finds no fault, *the Altar has the best.*
 How blest those envy'd few, or lov'd by Fate,
 How more than Men *divinely Fortunate,*
 Who from the Worlds *deceitful hurry* free,
 Enjoy at once the sight of *Heaven and Thee* &
 With thee, lov'd Man perpetual *Hymns* rehearse
 And praise the *Maker* of the *Universe*:
 While *Harp*s resound, and pealing *Organs* Blow,
 While *Angels* sing *above* and *Saints* below.
 Ah might I (but the *Sawcy* wish must die.
 He melts his *Wings* who dares attempt so high),
 Still hear, still feel the *Heavenly Harmony*,
 Thither as constant as the day return,
 Near thy *Immortal Cowley's* sacred *Urn*,
 How greedily I'd this dull *World* forego,
 How gladly leave its *Hopes*, and *Cares* below,]
 All that's *without the Quire* with ease despise,
 All its *sad Truibs* and *flatt'ring gilded* lies?
 Mount on the *beauteous Wings* of *Heavenly Love*,
 And try if they had *sweeter Songs* above.

FINIS.

